

# The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING  
Author of "Honor's Debt," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Fort Fisher," "Etc."

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## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

At nine o'clock, as the last scattering shots are fired out to the northwest, where some of Stuart's fellows have stumbled on the Hoosier pickets in the darkness, the division general sends an aide with brief note to Ricketts, telling him of the battle, and saying he means to hold the ground despite the fact that prisoners report old Stonewall 60,000 strong. He sends other staff officers in search of McDowell, his corps commander, with similar report and the request that Ricketts be ordered to close in and support him. McDowell's own engineer officer is with him, a deeply interested witness, coming up with Hatch's brigade, which hurriedly recalled, had faced about and marched eagerly back, hoping to be of use, but reaching the field only as darkness settled on the line. So the engineer stays to hear the reports and views of the various commanders before going himself in search of his chief, saying long enough to give his opinion that the division must move off the pike to the right or suffer demolition at dawn, and this, too, is the opinion of Hatch and Gibbon, sitting with their division commander and it is urgently given by both.

There is nothing for it, then, urge the brigadiers, but slip off southward in hopes of support, and Fred Benton, riding out to the left front with orders to bring in the pickets, finds those venturesome Hoosiers crawling forward on hands and knees, beyond the original line.

"There was a horse battery came out there just before dusk," explains a young sergeant, "and it just rained shrapnel on us. Some of Stuart's fellows galloped down to slice off our left. We gave 'em a hot volley and they sheered away, but tried it twice again after dark. We've sent in all our wounded, but our boys swear they hear faint cries for help out yonder."

They are right! Presently they come drifting in, four weary soldiers, bearing a wounded trooper on a blanket. Benton is busy giving orders to the subaltern in charge and does not hear at first the words of the sergeant. "He says he was carrying orders and his horse fell and rolled on him. His legs broken, I think, but he'd never have whimpered only he thought we were friends."

"What'll we do with him if I'm to fail back?" asks the lieutenant. "He's an officer."

Benton turns to the dim group, slowly bearing their burden with them. "Better carry him to the grove," he says. "Take him where your wounded officers are. Whereupon he in the blanket feebly replies, 'Hello, Benton! Got a mouthful of drink?'"

"Good God, Chilton! Have we caught you—again?"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE HEART OF LINCOLN.

Solemn days are these that follow. Losing over a third of its force engaged in this furious initial battle, the brigade shares the lot of the rest of the army and, after two days more of fruitless fighting is ordered to fall back on Washington. Many of the wounded officers have been sent ahead, without discrimination as to friend or foe, and Benton's general, broken down by illness and exhaustion, is borne by ambulance to the capital, and bids Fred go in search of his prisoner friend. How the tables of war have turned! Four months ago that young Virginian lay in clover at Charlottesville, petted and smoothed by the prettiest girls to be found in the court of Queen Rosalie, while Benton, a prisoner patient, moped in huffy dignity and merited semi-neglect. Now the Virginian lies in splints and a stuffy room in paroled Washington, far from the pretty girls of Albemarle, yet assiduously cared for by their queen. Washington is now one vast hospital, whose walls echo night and day the moan of fevered sufferer, the dull thunder of distant guns, the rumble of rolling cannon, the tramp of soldier hosts, for Lee has leaped the Potomac and gone careering northward toward the Pennsylvania line. Pope, McDowell and Sigel have retired in favor of McClellan, Hooker and Porter, the little chief again called to the fore, while the manager of the sack campaign sits down to figure out the twilights, turnings and doublings of the hare that wouldn't be caught until there were hares enough to furnish the hounds. It is a fortnight of fruitless recrimination, of pushing for place and not for the foe of intrigue and slander, of loyal victims and disloyal triumph. It is a fortnight in which the fortunes of the union seem drifting to the lowest ebb, with all the mud and slime and wreckage and putrescence hitherto hidden in the surging tide of the campaign, now revealed to public gaze, a stench to public nostrils. It is a fortnight of funerals. Ah, what hundreds of gallant boys have we to mourn, what scores of noble names on both sides! Wrung to the uttermost is the great, lonely, pitying heart of him now day and night striving to bring order out of chaos, hope out of the slough of despond, victory from dire and persistent defeat. Small wonder is it that in the contemplation of the tremendous peril that confronts the nation, Lincoln can find little time to listen to innumerable personal appeals, to individual claims presented by insistent senators, to the stories of self-seeking, self-sufficient patriots demanding the doing of this or the undoing of that. It is a fortnight in which Stanton, at the war office, is overwhelmed with work and worry, and grows even more testy and impatient. It is a fortnight in which, despite orders and precautions, swarms of officers who should be with their commands are buzzing about congress and the caravanserais, when every man is needed at the front and thousands are sitting at the rear, when the remnants of the Army of the Potomac and of

springtime in such splendid array, with such crowded ranks, are silently, shabbily slipping through the outskirts, mere ragged shadows of their former selves, yet to their everlasting credit be it said, loyal and subordinate still, and confident in their faith that they can yet whip Lee. It is a fortnight in which many and many a sad-faced soldier comes away from the war department, even from the white house, dejected a favor that at any other time would have been accorded as by right, and one September evening, Benton and the squire, summoned to accompany their senator to the president, are witnesses to a scene that wrings their very hearts.

The squire has been long enough near Washington to become an ardent administration man. Only twice in the past has he seen the plain, unassuming western lawyer, the humorous M. C. who had not reputation enough to command an audience when in '59 he came to speak at the squire's home city, but later, when they met at the Tremont in Chicago, was the rival of the little giant, Douglas, in joint debate. Now, just as Douglas had held the hat of the victorious Lincoln during his inaugural address, so would Squire Benton go to any length to back this inspired, and, as Benton is now beginning to believe, God-given leader. More troops must be had without delay is the burden of what the senator says. Will Benton go west at once and use his utmost influence? Benton will. He has only come, he says, to assure himself that Fred is safe—to see Elinor, now scorning the sea breeze of Cape May and insisting on her right to be useful as a nurse among the hospitals. Then the squire will start within the day. Meantime, says the



"IT IS I!"

senator, we must see the president, and then there is a further muttered conversation that Fred cannot hear, nor does he care to. His one thought, after seeing that Jack Chilton lacks nothing—after one little word, perhaps, with Jack's no longer imperious sister—is to rejoin the division as it comes through with the now reorganizing corps. But, meanwhile, it is the senator's wish they should both go with him to the white house, and there, amidst the throng of importunates in the ante-room, Fred is startled to see the colonel of a regiment in the first brigade holding low-toned conversation with a portly, dignified man in black swallow-tailed coat, high stock and silken waistcoat, to whom their western statesman bows with deference and then whispers to them his name. Then the colonel turns and Benton is more startled to see how sad, sorrow-stricken and haggard he looks. The matter is soon explained, though the colonel speaks with choking voice. His son, a lieutenant in the Fifth New York—Duryea's zouaves—has been down with Chiekhouny fever at Newport News, so ill that the mother had hastened thither, nursed him through and then stayed and cared for dozens of poor boys whose mothers could not possibly reach them, and, so, sapped her own strength and finally succumbed, and now—her coffin body lies here at the wharf. Their sympathetic general had given the bereaved soldier permission to turn over the command of the regiment temporarily and to seek at Stanton's hands a four-days' leave—just time enough to take the beloved and honored dust back to the home where weeping younger children await him. Then, the last sad rites performed, though the wife of his youth, his manhood, his maturer years, the love of his heart and life is laid away, he will return instantly to his duty, his command. Impossible will it be for them to catch Lee within that time. No battle can occur that will involve the old division, but Stanton sternly says no; bids him slip the remains that night if need be, but rejoin his regiment before the morning.

"The brigade is marching through this moment," says the colonel, with quivering lips, "but the senator brought me here—to the president. I have telegraphed to a brother to come if I—must go," and the haggard eyes look in dumb appeal into the equally haggard face of Lincoln, who inclines that ever-patient ear to both, as again the sad, pathetic tale is told. Oh, the pity and sorrow and sympathy in the deep-set, somber eyes, the anguish in the rugged features as he hears the words, "Stanton says no, because the brigade is marching through this moment."

For an instant the strong hands are clenched and uplifted almost as though in appeal to Heaven, but though the deep voice breaks and trembles, though the pallid lips twitch with pain, the answer comes inflexibly:

"And no it must be! Not a man, not a musket, can we spare. It may be the very crisis of the war, and I should be false to my trust if I did not hold myself and every soldier to the duty of the hour. Let the dead bury their dead. I cannot rob a regiment of its leader at such a time."

And the two men, the sorely grieving colonel, the sorely-trying commander-in-chief, look one instant into each other's swimming eyes. There is a soldier salute—but utter silence, and the colonel turns away.

"You don't need me here," gulps Fred a moment later. "I am going to see if I can help the colonel. There's

no one with him. I'll come to you, father, later—at Willard's."

And so it happens that, riding at the earliest dawn to catch the division, Benton passes a carriage at the outskirts of Georgetown, preceded by a cavalry sergeant who speaks a word to sentries or patrols of the provost guard to the end that the vehicle, with its attendant brace of troopers, meets no detention, whereas he, an aide-de-camp going on duty, has to account for himself every few blocks. "Some belated general," thinks he as, once clear of the streets, he spurs swiftly up the Rockville pike. Just as the pallid light is creeping into the eastward sky Benton reins in at the challenge of a sentry and the sight of a tented field. Behind him, in the lower ground, feebly glow the night lights of Georgetown. Beyond them lies the great, straggling city. Here, close at hand, a sentry paces slowly by the roadway, recognizes the aide-de-camp at once and bids him advance. A dim light burns in a nearby wall tent. "Yes, sir, the colonel got back soon after three," is the answer to his question, as, swinging out of saddle, Benton throws the reins over a fence post and scratches at the tent flap.

"This I, colonel—only Benton. I stopped to see—"

But the tent flap is thrown back from within and a voice bids him enter. "I've been waiting to—my poor motherless babies," chokes the colonel, and then at last breaks down, bows his hunched head upon his arm on the rude camp table that shakes with the sobs wrung from an almost bursting heart. Who can picture, much less soothe, a grief like this? Benton has seen him time and again, ever alert, ready, vigorous on the march, cheery and cordial in all manner of wind and weather, inspiring, commanding, magnificent in battle, God-like, almost, in his superb dominion over men. But it is the strong and soldierly and virile that love the deepest and that suffer most when robbed of the heart's idol and delight. "The bravest are the tenderest. The loving are the daring." And in wordless sympathy Benton can only lay his hand upon the massive shoulder while the teardrops well from his own brimming eyes.

And then there are voices, low and deep, without the tent and then a footfall close at hand, and a tall, dark form, enveloped in a cloak, looms between them and the gathering dawn, and Benton, staring and only half credulous, stammers the question, "Who is it?" Then both men stand erect and face the newcomer at the first sound of his deep yet trembling voice.

"It is I—Abraham Lincoln." (Can it ever be written save in reverence?)

"I—I have come to you because—all night long since you left—I could think of nothing else. I have not slept. I have been pacing the floor until I could stand it no longer. You came to me last night in your sorrow, and I—treated you like a dog. Forgive me, colonel. Take her back to your children, and when you have laid her away and comforted them—then return to us. Go, sir—it is my order," and, wringing the soldier's hands, the president turns again to the cares and trials, the cruel anxieties of another day, but the deep-lined face, uplifted to the glory of the dawn, shines transfigured with a radiance indescribable, with who can say what infinite cheer and comfort and blessing from on high.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### KILLED IN FRONT OF THE GUNS.

"How are the mighty fallen!" at least in point of numbers. Still under the leadership of sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued Gibbon, the brigade has trudged away to South mountain, feeling not a little cocky in its new name. Manfully again has it grasped the hot end of the poker, being sent into the very jaws of Turner's gap with Colquitt and his Georgians directly confronting it, and Evans raking the doubled line from the hill on the right. Again does the Seventh catch it hard from the flank, losing more than a third of its men. Again do the Black Hats sail in with their accustomed saucy vim and vigor, tying the Hoosiers in the total of losses. Again are the big "Napoleons," the pets of battery, "B," lugged into line, side by side with the "Foot," and mightily do they bellow and roar in this resounding amphitheater—the eastward slope of the ridge. It is the second fierce fight in which these powerful guns, manned by picked men from the brigade, take their share of hard knocks with the four battalions, but a fiercer fight is yet to follow—only three days away—one which welds the battery still more firmly to its supporters. On the far right flank, in front of Sharpsburg, across the sleepy Antietam, it comes in for its hardest pounding of all the stirring campaign.

But by this time, mid September, as Lee's daring, determined followers halt on the heights of the old Maryland town, with the Potomac encircling them from northwest to south, the winding Antietam protecting their front, how cruelly are they, too, reduced in numbers! Our old opponents, the "Stonewalls," in their entire array can barely muster 500 men. Regiments are commanded by captains, companies by sergeants, and as it is with Jackson so it is with Longstreet, whose brigades, like those of Kemper and Pickett, are cut to shreds, while some battalions are reduced to the front of a platoon. Yet these are the fellows, less than 40,000 all told, who, backed up to the great river, with all their trains and all their wounded to care for, still confidently look to Lee and serenely face McClellan, whose force in men and guns is more than twice their own.

Doubleday it is who now takes the lead and, crossing the Antietam on the afternoon of the 16th, bears down on the extreme flank upon the silent, waiting foe.

First in column as it circles the front, the old division moves in to the morning attack at the right of Hooker's embattled line, and right of the line of the old division is the doubled rank of the old—the Iron—brigade. It is the dawn of a dreadful day.

(To Be Continued.)

## Disappointing.

A precocious youth telegraphed to his parents on their golden wedding day: "Is marriage a failure?" The old couple laid their hands together and presently made answer: "No, but its results sometimes are."

## Stray Stories.

## MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

**Capt. Frazier to Command Cadets.**  
Capt. Joseph Frazier, of the United States army, has been ordered to report at Columbia, September 1, to take the position of commandant of cadets at the university. Capt. Frazier is a Missourian, his home being in Randolph county. He is himself a graduate of the University of Missouri, and has had three brothers in the university during the last three years, one of whom was a member of the football team for two years. He saw service in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, in the Philippines during the insurrection, and China during the Boxer trouble.

**Hadley Will Assist Hinkle.**  
Attorney-General Hadley will, at the request of Prosecuting Attorney Hinkle, assist the latter in his investigations into the affairs of the Salmon & Salmon bank, of Clinton, before the grand jury, which will be convened in a short time. Mr. Hinkle wrote to Attorney-General Hadley, requesting his assistance, and Mr. Hadley said he would comply with the request.

**Farmer Drowned in Missouri River.**  
William Mueller, a farmer, living near Washington, fell out of a rowboat in the Missouri river, and was drowned. His body was taken to his old home in Centaur, St. Louis county, where at inquest was held by Coroner Koch. Coroner Koch believes that Mueller had a stroke of apoplexy when he fell out of his boat. He was 29 years old and single.

**To Exhibit Working Dairy.**  
The dairy department of the agricultural college of the University of Missouri has announced the plan of the exhibit to be made at the state fair at Sedalia. The exhibit this year will be separate from that of the agricultural college. It will be a real working dairy, with only such tools as are suitable to use on the farm.

**Columbia's Postmaster in Trouble.**  
Postmaster Elkins of Columbia, a brother of Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, was arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and was released on bond. Elkins, it is said, punched the driver of an ice wagon because he gave short weight. Elkins says the icecar first attacked him with a pair of tongs.

**Burglars Raid Smithton.**  
Burglars raided Smithton, and robbed four stores and the post office. They secured only a small amount of cash. An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow open the post office safe with gunpowder. The combination bolts were sprung, and Postmaster Selker was unable to open the safe.

**Murderer's Daughter a Bride.**  
Joseph Lampton and Miss Rose Buff of Farber, were married at Mexico. Miss Buff is a daughter of Alfred Buff who was recently sentenced to the penitentiary for killing his wife. He was convicted on the evidence of his daughters.

**Negro Fraternity Meeting.**  
The twenty-first annual session of the grand lodge of colored Knights of Pythias, and the sixth annual session of the Independent Order of Calanthe met at Macon. Delegates from all over the state were in attendance.

**Barn Destroyed by Lightning.**  
The large stock and grain barn of J. M. Seism, three miles west of Bloomfield, was struck by lightning and destroyed, together with about 200 bushels of wheat, hay and corn. No insurance. Loss, \$1,500.

**Russians Victorious for Once.**  
Two Russians badly pounded a Japanese in St. Louis. The mikado's subject was hauled off to the city dispensary and the Russians to the police station. They fought over the Manchurian question.

**Want More for Carrying Mails.**  
Unless the government increases the rate for transportation of the mail to 25 cents a mile, the United Railways Co. (St. Louis street car line) will terminate its contract for carrying mails on cars.

**Will Vote on Local Option.**  
Wednesday, August 23, has been set by the Springfield city council as the date for the special local option election, which was petitioned for by 800 voters.

**Wife Disappears; Ditto Money.**  
Charles Smith, aged 75, a farmer near Maysville, is looking for his bride of one month, who has disappeared, taking with her, it is said, a promissory note for \$4,000 and \$350 in cash.

**Mit Saunders Convicted.**  
Milt Saunders, charged with assault with intent to kill on Albert Swinney, at Neosho, was found guilty, and punishment was fixed at six months in jail. He must also pay a fine of \$100.

**Founder of Atchison Dead.**  
Dr. John H. Stringfellow, aged 86, died of pneumonia in St. Joseph, where he was for years a leading physician. He was the founder of Atchison, Kas.

**Wants to Sell.**  
The government has advertised for bids for the government fisheries and life-saving station buildings at the World's fair site in St. Louis.

**Swansea to Be Orator of Day.**  
Secretary of State Swanwick will be orator of the day at the Montgomery county reunion, to be held August 5 at New Florence.

**Fell Dead in Church.**  
While Miss Ruth Brown was presenting a bouquet of flowers to Pastor Sutton, in the tabernacle at Bloomfield, she fell dead.

**Accident Fatal.**  
Mr. Felix Hartman, aged 60, died at Rich Hill, as the result of a shock, induced by an accident, resulting in a fractured hip.

**Traveling Man Killed.**  
William B. Powell, a traveling salesman for a Baltimore clothing firm, was instantly killed by Frisco train No. 7 at Pacific.

**Kansas City Pioneer Dead.**  
Valentine Bickling, aged 75, died in Kansas City, where he located as a tailor in 1863, coming from Philadelphia.

**Parkville on a Boom.**  
Parkville has a new barber shop and yet there are people who say Parkville is not growing.

## CHICORY IN BELGIUM.

How This Vegetable Is Successfully Cultivated—Peculiar Methods.

During the months of January, February and March attention is attracted to the immense quantity of a special vegetable sold by marketmen, grocers and hawkers, and eaten by all classes throughout Belgium, prepared in various appetizing manners, and frequently eaten as a salad, either raw or cooked. I refer, explains George W. Roosevelt, consul at Brussels, Belgium, to the white chicory, the cultivation of which is a specialty of Brussels and its suburbs.

There are two species of chicory grown in Belgium. The wild chicory (Chichorium in tybus), cultivated in the neighborhood of Roulers, Thourout, and one or two other localities, in close proximity to the chicory manu-



"CHICORY PLANT." (One-tenth natural size.)

factories, where the roots of the plants are parched, ground and sold loose or in half-pound packages, to be used in connection with coffee, especially by the working classes.

The white chicory was originally brought to Belgium from India, and the principal center of cultivation is in the immediate neighborhood of Brussels, especially in Schaerbeek, Evere and Woluwe. The root of this plant is of inferior quality and is consequently used as cattle feed.

The growing of this essentially winter vegetable requires great care, trouble and hard work, beginning early in April, when the seed is sown. As soon as the plants are an inch or two high they are carefully thinned out by hand, leaving the most vigorous undisturbed a given distance apart. In September and October, when the plants are in full maturity and the leaves very long, they are taken out of the ground and the leaves carefully cut off about two inches from the root. Trenches are prepared, and the plants



CHICORY ROOTS AND LEAVES.

(a) Schleischke variety, root with leaves; (b) Brussels and Magdeburg varieties, root. Both one-sixth natural size.

are disposed in three in three layers, each layer being covered by ten inches of earth and from 12 to 14 inches of horse manure. This manure produces an artificial heat, which causes the chicory to sprout, and the earth being compacted pressed upon the plants, the leaves adhere closely together, and as no sunlight penetrates the covering, the plants are bleached white and present a most attractive and appetizing appearance when removed for consumption. This is done according to the demands of the market. The vegetable is available all the year round, but the most active demand is in the months of January, February and March, during the scarcity of other garden vegetables.

The above-described method of bleaching chicory has existed since the commencement of the cultivation of this popular vegetable, but much complaint is heard concerning it, principally on account of the germs contained in the horse manure, which is likely to render the vegetable unwholesome and unfit for consumption, and also on account of the danger of a sudden frost, which, by lowering the temperature of the manure covering, checks the growth of the plants and correspondingly affects the selling price. To combat these inconveniences the cultivators of chicory at Schaerbeek, one of the most important suburbs of Brussels, have for some time been experimenting— heating the layers of plants by the system of thermo-siphons. The system has the advantage of giving a regular, constant heat, and greatly reduces the manual labor connected with the cultivation.

**Secret of Success in Poultry Raising.**  
Unquestionably the great secret of success in the raising of poultry is strict attention to details, coupled with an infinite capacity for taking pains. Woman is by nature, training, and habits of work, better fitted than man for the raising of poultry. The ordinary life of a woman on the farm is made up of one continuous round of petty details, and this life fits her for success in any other branch of business, which, like poultry-keeping, depends for its welfare on attention to details.—Midland Farmer.

## Ask for a QUALITY IS OUR MOTTO! MERCANTILE

10cts  
**BEST BECAUSE** You are NOT paying for BILL BOARDS, FENCE PAINTING, VANA TOBACCO, CLOCKS, FREE DEALERS, etc., but for FINE QUALITY HAVANA TOBACCO, EQUAL TO IMPORTED CIGARS. Sold direct to the retailer by "365" and "Agents" & Cigars Are Leaders of the World. J. F. RICE & CO., Manufacturers, - St. Louis.

## RELATED OF ROYALTY.

King Leopold will leave a fortune of \$10,000,000, most of which will go to the Belgian people for works of public utility. He regards his daughters as Lear came to regard Regan and Goneril. The daughters will get about \$40,000 each.

Early in his reign, Czar Nicholas caught a bad head cold and asked a humble subject how this annoying ailment could be cured. The advice given was that the imperial nose should be anointed at night with tallow from a common candle. Years rolled on and one day by a mere accident the czar had the chance of looking through a book of household expenditures and was amazed to find he had been charged for a pound of tallow candles every night since.

New that the German crown prince has been married, court gossip in Europe are considering who is likely to be the bride of Prince Eitel, the kaiser's second son. The general view is that it will be Princess Eva of Battenberg, with whom he was much smitten during a recent visit to England. Princess Eva is quite a pretty girl, just past 17 years old, who was brought up in the simplest manner possible. It is expected that she will inherit largely from her godmother, ex-Empress Eugenie.

The duke of Connaught—Prince Arthur of Great Britain—who has just entered upon his fifty-sixth year, was the godson of the duke of Wellington, and was taught to have great reverence for the old gentleman. One of the little boy's first efforts at drawing, it is said, was a picture representing the duke and Napoleon engaging in a pistol duel at point blank range. "My dear young prince," said the duke, when shown this youthful production, "remember that, though I fought Bonaparte, I could never see him without the help of a telescope."

During King Alfonso's visit to London several stories were told of how he at times shocked the Spanish dukes with wild escapades. All these anecdotes, apocryphal or otherwise, helped his popularity with the British public, showing as they did that his 39-year-old majesty is a real boy and not altogether a royal milk-sop. He rides recklessly races with young officers, rings up the guard unexpectedly from mere motives of mischief, and generally plays the same pranks as other lads of his age. Among his own subjects of the rank and file these pranks do him good, for even the Spaniard likes to think that his sovereign can do something human and unceremonious.

## DEFINITIONS AND DERIVATION

The petrification agate was named for the river Achates, in Sicily, where it was first found.

A brochure is a small book, stitched, not bound, so named from the French "brocher," to stitch.

"By-law" owes the first part of itself to the word "bye," the old Danish word for town, burg or burgh.

The word "amateur," originally French, from the Latin "amator," a lover, means a lover of any particular art, but not a professional follower of it.

The American word "boss," for master, is the modern form of the Dutch "baas," of the same meaning. It is descended from the original Dutch settlers of New York.

The word "billion" in England and the colonies means a million millions. In France and on the continent, as well as in the United States, it means a thousand millions.

The name "calomel" means "beautiful black," and was originally given to black sulphuretted mercury. As calomel is a white powder, the name is merely a jocular misnomer now.

The word "Boer," applied to the Dutch inhabitants of the country districts of the Cape of Good Hope, is the German for farmer and agriculturist. The English word "boor" had the same origin.

The word "beverage" has had many changes in orthography. It is found spelled "biberidge," "beverage" and "beveridge." It comes from the Italian "bevere," to drink, but more remotely from the Latin.

## A Professional.

First Katydid—Is that your daughter singing so sweetly in the next tree?

Second Katydid—Yes, you see her legs were cultivated in Europe.—Life.

## EVER TREAT YOU SO?

Coffee Acts the Jonah and Will Come Up.

A clergyman who pursues his noble calling in a country parish in Iowa, tells of his coffee experience: "My wife and I used coffee regularly for breakfast, frequently for dinner, and occasionally for supper—always the very best quality—package coffee never could find a place on our table.

"In the spring of 1896 my wife was taken with violent vomiting which we had great difficulty in stopping.

"It seemed to come from coffee drinking, but we could not decide.

"In the following July, however, she was attacked a second time by the vomiting. I was away from home filling an appointment at the time, and on my return I found her very low; she had literally vomited herself almost to death, and it took some days to quiet the trouble and restore her stomach.

"I had also experienced the same trouble, but not so violently, and had relieved it, each time, by a resort to medicine.

"But my wife's second attack satisfied me that the use of coffee was at the bottom of our troubles, and so we stopped it forthwith and took on Postum Food Coffee. The old symptoms of disease disappeared, and during the 9 years that we have been using Postum instead of coffee we have never had a recurrence of the vomiting, to which we now owe our good health. This is a simple statement of facts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

## KIDNEY TROUBLES

Increasing Among Women, But Sufferers Need Not Despair

THE BEST ADVICE IS FREE

Of all the diseases known, with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal, and statistics show that this disease is on the increase among women.



Mrs. Emma Sawyer.

Unless early and correct treatment is applied the patient seldom survives when once the disease is fastened upon her. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most efficient treatment for kidney troubles of women, and is the only medicine especially prepared for this purpose.

When a woman is troubled with pain or weight in loins, backache, frequent, painful or scalding urination, swelling of limbs or feet, swelling under the eyes, an uneasy, tired feeling in the region of the kidneys or notices a brick-dust sediment in the urine, she should lose no time in commencing treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it may be the means of saving her life.

For proof, read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Sawyer.

"I cannot express the terrible suffering I endured. A derangement of the female organs developed nervous prostration and a serious kidney trouble. The doctor attended me for a year, but I kept getting worse, until I was unable to do anything, and I made up my mind I could not live. I finally decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and I am to-day a well woman. I cannot praise it too highly, and I tell every suffering woman about my case." Mrs. Emma Sawyer, Conway, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham gives free advice to women; address in confidence, Lynn, Mass.

## On His Track.

"Pa," asked the senator's little boy, "what is a 'nemesis'?"

"A 'nemesis,' my son," replied the senator, "is a woman who collects whom, in a moment of foolish kind-heartedness, you promised to assist."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Stop Babies' Tears.

Ninety per cent. of babies' troubles are caused by disordered stomach or bowels. They can all be quickly cured by a few doses of that great digestive medicine, Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin. It digests curdled milk, sweetens the breath, reduces fever and relieves pain. Absolutely harmless to mother or child. Sure relief in teething. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

No news is good news—except in a newspaper office.

## THE PLAYWRIGHT-STAR.

Odetta Tyler, Famous Actress, Values Doan's Kidney Pills.

Miss Odetta Tyler is not only one of the best known dramatic stars in America, but has written and produced a successful play of her own. Miss Tyler has written the following grateful note, expressing her appreciation of Doan's Kidney Pills:

Postscript—